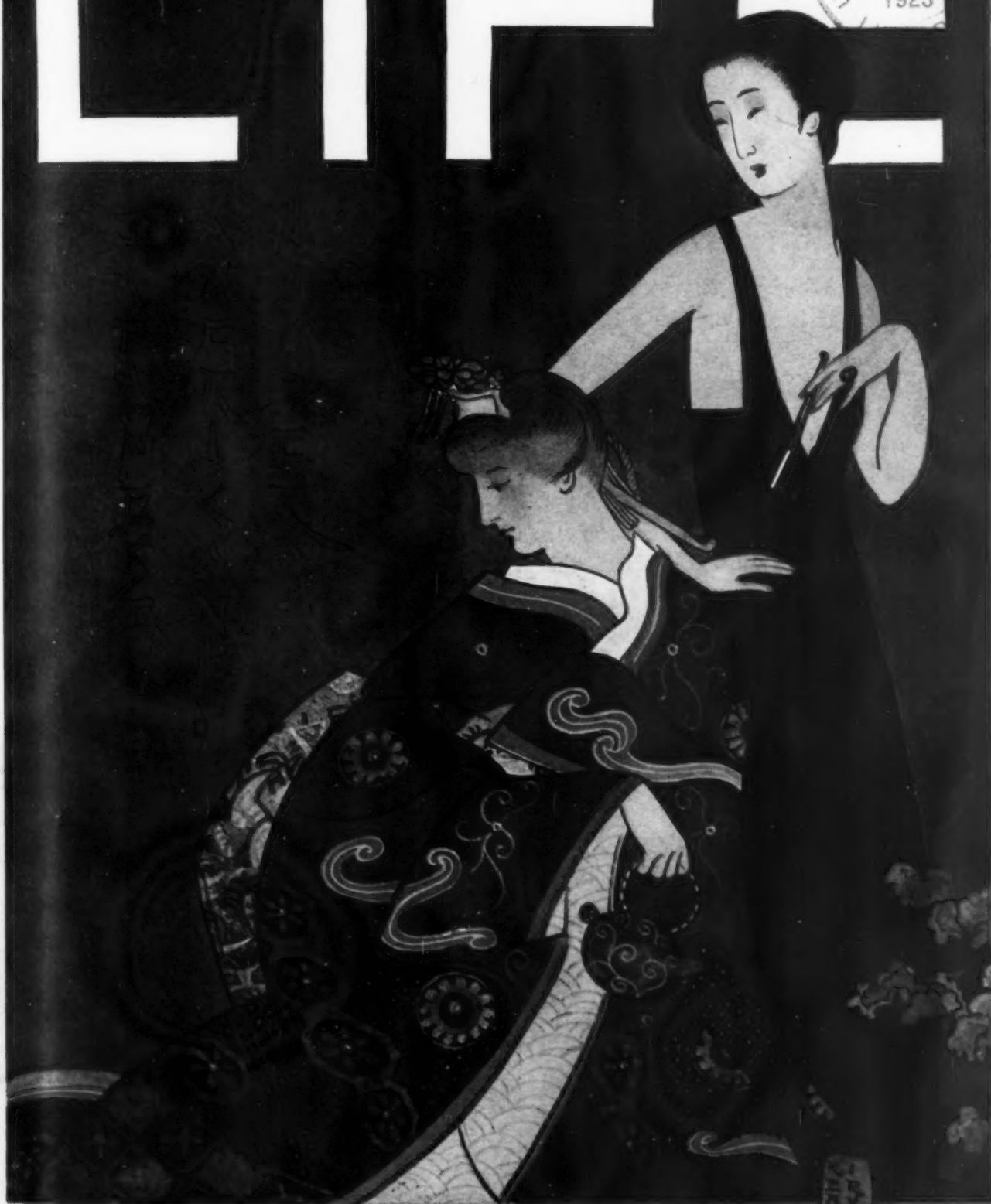


AUGUST 10, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS

LIFE

RECEIVED
1923



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA LIBRARY
MINN

Sh - h - h - h - h - h !

(An event is expected in LIFE'S family!)

REMEMBER our Burlesque Number, last year? Of course you do.

Well, we have decided that it is about time to broadcast another.

At present it's more or less of a secret, but we don't mind telling you that it will be . . . perhaps after all we had better not say anything just now . . . you know how these things are . . .

It is unreasonable to ask you to visualize the issue in advance—or even to visualize the mobs that will flock to the newsstands on September 7th (last year the Burlesque Number sold out all over the country



within three days after its first appearance). But we do suggest that you do one of the following things immediately:

- (x) *Have a copy reserved for you.*
- (y) *Have it mailed to you.*
- (z) *Buy it at reduced rates.*

Any or all of these ends may be achieved by obeying that impulsive coupon, way down yonder in the corner, and leaving it, with a dollar, where we will find it. (And remember, it will bring you nine other issues, too.)

DEAR LIFE: Put me down for ten issues from date, which will include the mysterious Burlesque Number. (For Canada, add 20¢ to the Special Offer; Foreign, 40¢.)

242

The Name is _____

Living at _____

One Year, \$5. (Canadian, \$5 80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. As for ourselves, we think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, we think the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste.

The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and the higher things. And the thing must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have hit on a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the

chance. And we shall make the price so reasonable, so inviting, that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple.

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This old Roman emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

Dialogues of Plato. This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

Foundations of Religion. Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a serious and well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

The Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

Thoughts of Pascal. Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe and the origin and purpose of life.

The Olympian Gods. Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

The Stoic Philosophy. Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered and developed, and what we can today learn from it.

God: Known and Unknown. Samuel Butler. A really important work.

Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For. This is a carefully planned study.

Sun Worship and Later Beliefs. Tichenor. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

Primitive Beliefs. Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

Three Lectures on Evolution. Ernst Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

From Monkey to Man. A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

Survival of the Fittest. Another phase of the Darwinian theory.

Evolution vs. Religion. You should read this discussion.

Reflections on Modern Science. Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

Biology and Spiritual Philosophy. This is a very interesting and instructive work.

Bacon's Essays. These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

Emerson's Essays. Emerson was a friend of Carlyle and in some respects a greater philosopher.

Tolstol's Essays. His ideas will direct you into many a profitable path of thought.

25 Books---2,176 Pages---Only \$1.85---Send No Money

If these 25 books were issued in the ordinary way they might cost you as much as a hundred dollars. We have decided to issue them so you can get all of them for the price of one ordinary book. That sounds inviting, doesn't it? And we mean it, too. Here are 25 books, containing 2,176 pages of text, all neatly printed on good book paper, 3½x5 inches in size, bound securely in card cover paper.

You can take these 25 books with you when you go to and from work. You can read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest philosophers—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. No, the price will not be \$25 for the 25 volumes. Nor will the price be \$5, though they are worth

more than that. The price will be even less than that sum. Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.85 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than eight cents per volume. Surely no one can claim he cannot afford to buy the best. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 25 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.85 plus postage. And the books are yours. Positively no further payments.

Are we making a mistake in advertising works of culture? Are we doing the impossible when we ask people to read serious works? Are we wasting

our time and money? We shall see by the manner in which the blank below comes into our mail.

--- Send No Money Blank ---

**Haldeman-Julius Company,
Dept. 1259, Girard, Kans.**

I want the 25 books listed on this page. I want you to send me these 25 books by parcel post. On delivery I will pay the postman \$1.85 plus postage, and the books are to be my property without further payments of any kind. Also, please send me one of your free 64-page catalogs.

Name

Address

City State

Note: Persons living in Canada or other foreign countries must send cash with order.

At Last—The Vibration-less Engine! It's the New Stearns-Knight Six

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY was first in America to adopt and build the Knight Sleeve-Valve Engine. From that day to this the demand for Stearns-Knight Motor Cars has been greater than the supply, although the company has manufactured to the limit of its facilities.

And now The F. B. Stearns Company announces its greatest achievement—the 6-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight Engine, which combines all the pre-eminent advantages of the six cylinder type with those remarkable qualities unobtainable except in sleeve-valve construction.

The flexibility and acceleration of the New 6-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight are things to wonder at. But greater yet is the achievement of building what we believe to be the first engine to operate entirely free from periodic vibration—a feature heretofore thought impossible of attainment.

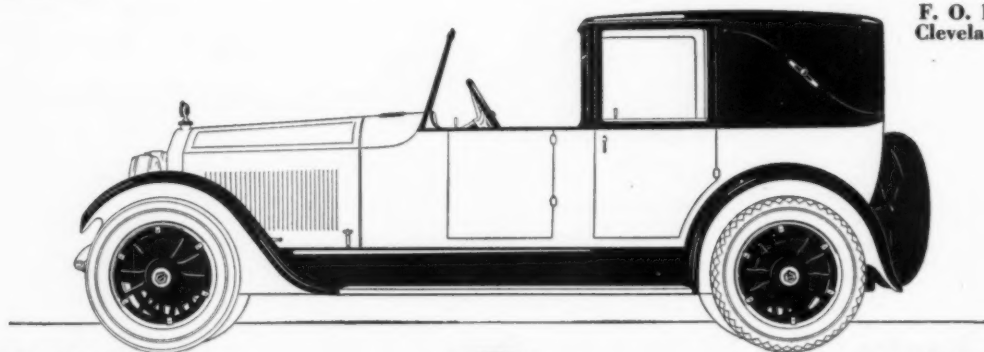
This marvelous motor, built into sturdy chassis surmounted by bodies beautiful in design and finish, sets a new standard of motor car value.

Never, until you have driven the New Stearns-Knight Six, will you know the meaning of "no periodic vibration"—the feel of power so great that you'll wonder at its silent smoothness and ease of control—the sensation of superlative comfort made possible by huge springs of the most sensitive flexibility and upholstery of unusual depth.

Stearns Dealers everywhere invite you to see and to drive the New Stearns-Knight Six—a product of unequalled engineering skill, and artistic beauty.

Roadster or 4 or 5 pass. Touring	\$2700.00
7 passenger Touring	2850.00
Coupe	3350.00
Coupe Brougham	3500.00
Sedan	3700.00
Landaulet Brougham	(Price on application)

F. O. B.
Cleveland



Stearns-Knight Six

Landaulet Brougham

Extract from a letter to the president of The F. B. Stearns Company from the inventor of the famous Knight Sleeve-Valve Engine after a recent visit of inspection to the factory.

May 24, 1922

"—I am thinking of that beautiful six of yours. The engine dimensions please me awfully well—the length of the connecting rods, the position of the eccentric shaft, the shape of the lugs on the sleeves, and the fine workmanship which makes a motor with long life and smooth action. I like the proportions about the best of any engine I have ever seen.

With kind regards,
(Signed) C. Y. Knight."



To Dealers:

Owing to a recent increase in production facilities, The F. B. Stearns Company, for the first time in five years, is able to increase its distribution. Dealers of high standing, regardless of location, are invited to write for particulars of the Stearns Dealer Franchise. Your territory may be open.

Production of the 4-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight will be continued

The F. B. Stearns Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Life



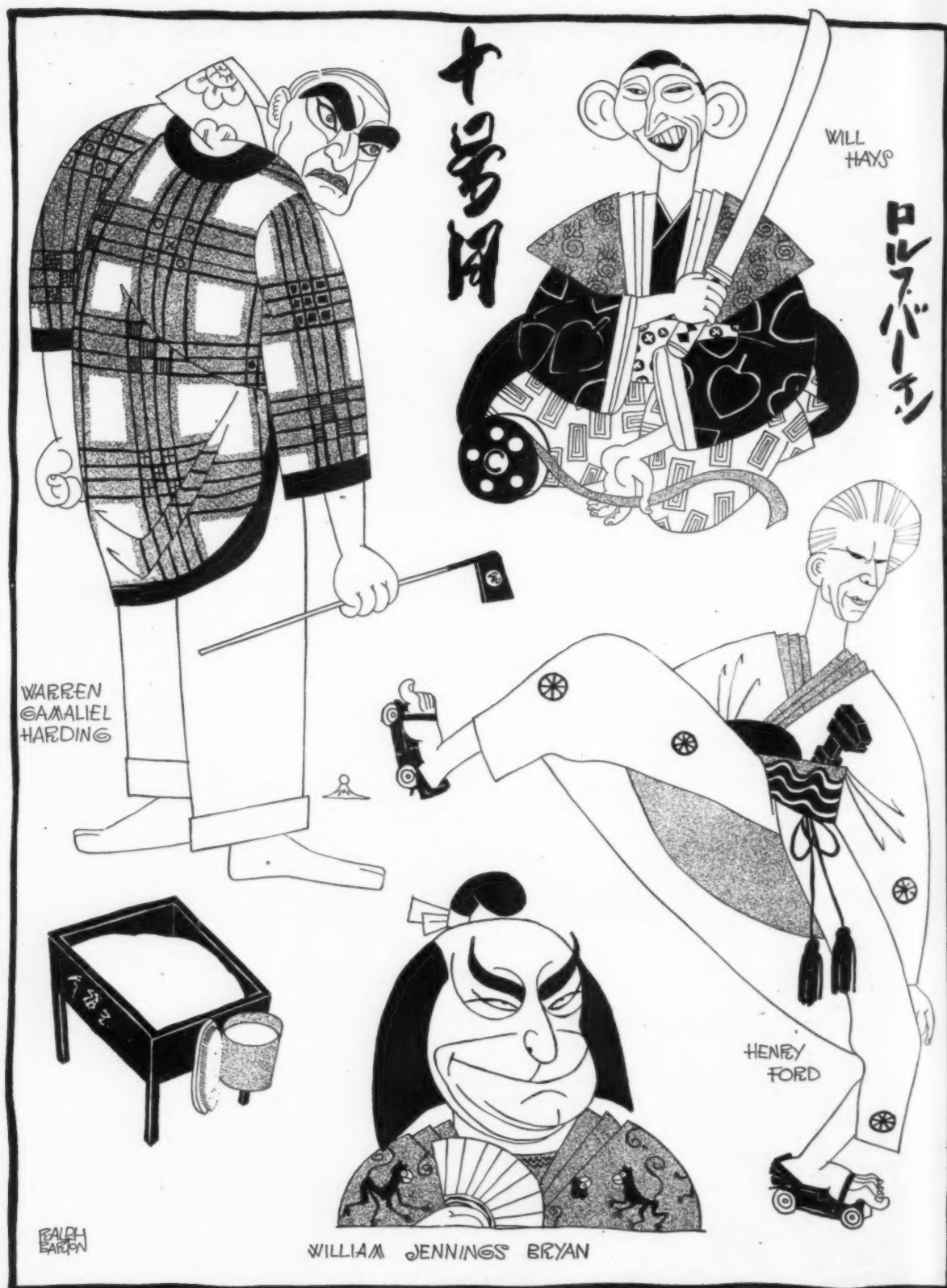
To Japan (After the Conference)

FRIENDLY Nippon, I salute you,
 Brother of the Rising Sun,
 Neighbor, clever and astute, you
 Played a splendid game, and won.
 You surmounted barriers mental
 With a finesse Oriental
 And a smile so brightly dental
 That you made the business fun.

Some, I know, professed to doubt your
 Promises anent Shantung,
 Saying that, till you got out, your
 Words were but a bit of tongue.
 Surely they are dull who see no
 Humor in the things that we know,
 While the fretful Filipino
 Still complains of being stung.

Come! Let's can the tedious jingo
 With this talk of future muss;
 Though we speak a different lingo
 Why should that stir up a fuss?
 By your chivalrous emotion
 You have bridged the western ocean.
 My un-diplomatic notion
 Is that now it's up to us.

G. S. C.



Some Well-Known Americans
An attempt to see ourselves as perhaps others see us.

Greetings from Japan

DEAR Mr. Editor:—

It affords me much satisfaction to learn that "LIFE" is striving to exhibit to the American public and to the world a picture of Japan as she really is. Knowing that your Japan Number will be an exact presentation of how "LIFE" would appear if published in this country, I hasten to endorse it without seeing the proofs of its contents.

Heaps of literature—and of movie films—portraying American life are now pouring into Japan across the Pacific and are enjoying popularity. As the exponents of human nature, they generally make for better mutual understanding among nations. If they contain untruths, they reveal at least one plain truth, that even writers and artists are not always saints.

Life in Japan seems to be different in many ways from what obtains in America. It is however important to note that notwithstanding all these differences, just the same nature exists in one country as in the other. When we meet together face to face and heart to heart, as we did at the memorable Washington Conference, there should be no great difficulty in finding a common platform of honest and honorable friendship. In this spirit and with this conviction, we shall go forward on the high-road to international peace and security.

Yours faithfully,

T. Kato

(Prime Minister of Japan)

TO the Editor of "LIFE":—

We know that the attitude of a great majority of Americans toward us is one of friendship; and we are anxious for you to know that nothing is nearer our hearts than to maintain and to guard forever our unbroken friendship with you. May we always count upon "LIFE" to help on this cause which means so much for both peoples and for the whole world.

Yours appreciatively,

G. Uchida

(Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs)

TO the Editor of "LIFE":—

Here's the best of health to you, LIFE! May you live forever to maintain the high standard of American humor! For, as long as people can "josh" each other and can take it with good grace, so long shall they be fair fellows and good friends.

Shibusawa

(Viscount Shibusawa)





Insidious Incense (A Talk on Growing Pains)

"THE cherry blossoms flutter through the open door," LIFE exclaimed gallantly, rising to greet his visitor.

"But they fall against the step when the door is closed," murmured Miss Japan, demurely taking the proffered chair. "You Americans have a penchant for yawning doorways abroad, but you apply many mechanical devices to keep them shut at home."

"Don't let that fact annoy you," LIFE counselled. "Few of them work."

"Barriers never do," Miss Japan observed. "They exist only as invitations to be broken down. Seclusion needs no stone walls."

"Quite true!" LIFE agreed. "It has always seemed to me that the worst waste in our national life is the time employed by our statesmen to mend fences that might better be down forever."

"And in California, seawalls," supplemented the demure lady.

"I am afraid that if we tore those down, you would rebuild them," LIFE smiled. "They make such excellent trading material; and, after all, a diplomat is only a trader in a frock coat."

"One is always willing to exchange the useless for the necessary," Miss Japan admitted. "However, your attempts to deflect Asiatic currents along your own shores are not half

so inadvisable as your efforts to dam them along the coasts nearest their sources. When the river overflows, who knows how far the flood will extend?"

"Well, you must realize that our engineers—"

"Are poor statesmen."

"And that our politicians—"

"Are poorer!"

"Your observation is as keen, miss, as your imitation Sheffield cutlery is not," LIFE bowed.

"When one starts late one must be content to follow for a time," Miss Japan replied. "Progress is only a series of imitations, successively improved."

"You are a good pupil in a poor school," LIFE observed. "Still, it is by such teaching that the world moves on and the fittest survive."

"So I have learned," Miss Japan said, "and I have learned, too, that the fittest always had a heavy naval budget."

"Until recently," LIFE interjected.

"Agreed," Miss Japan smiled.

"Agreed, too, I suppose, that the fittest survive on every continent. It was so when your hardy pioneers forged their way into the wilderness and pushed the redman ever westward to the sea."

"Of course I understand," she went on. "You were a young nation and you had to expand somewhere. You followed the logical line, and

now the world is rejoiced that you did. Even the Indian is happier for your conquest. He has ceased to exist."

"According to the belief, the Korean should welcome extinction, since he is such a philosopher about death," LIFE speculated. "And yet it does seem unjust."

"Evolution knows no injustice," Miss Japan counselled. "Destiny has no concern with weaklings."

"But weaklings are greatly concerned with Destiny," LIFE objected.

"Only those who can compel receive Fortune's smiles," Miss Japan advanced. "My country is in its swaddling clothes as a modern power, but we learned that long ago. And now, unfortunately perhaps, we are growing. We are expanding—"

"Along the logical line, I presume," LIFE interposed.

"Precisely! And you will?"

"Build a high wall, probably."

"By all means, if you must. But, please, do not divert any of your labor or your materials to dam construction in Asia," Miss Japan politely requested, as she flitted through the open door which she closed so noiselessly, yet so certainly, behind her.

J. K. M.

Lines to a Swedish Match (Made in Nippon)

SPIRIT of light, faint-hearted,
Losing your sickly glare
Almost before it's started,
In the first rush of air;
Or, if no wind is stirring,
Still to your ways recurring.

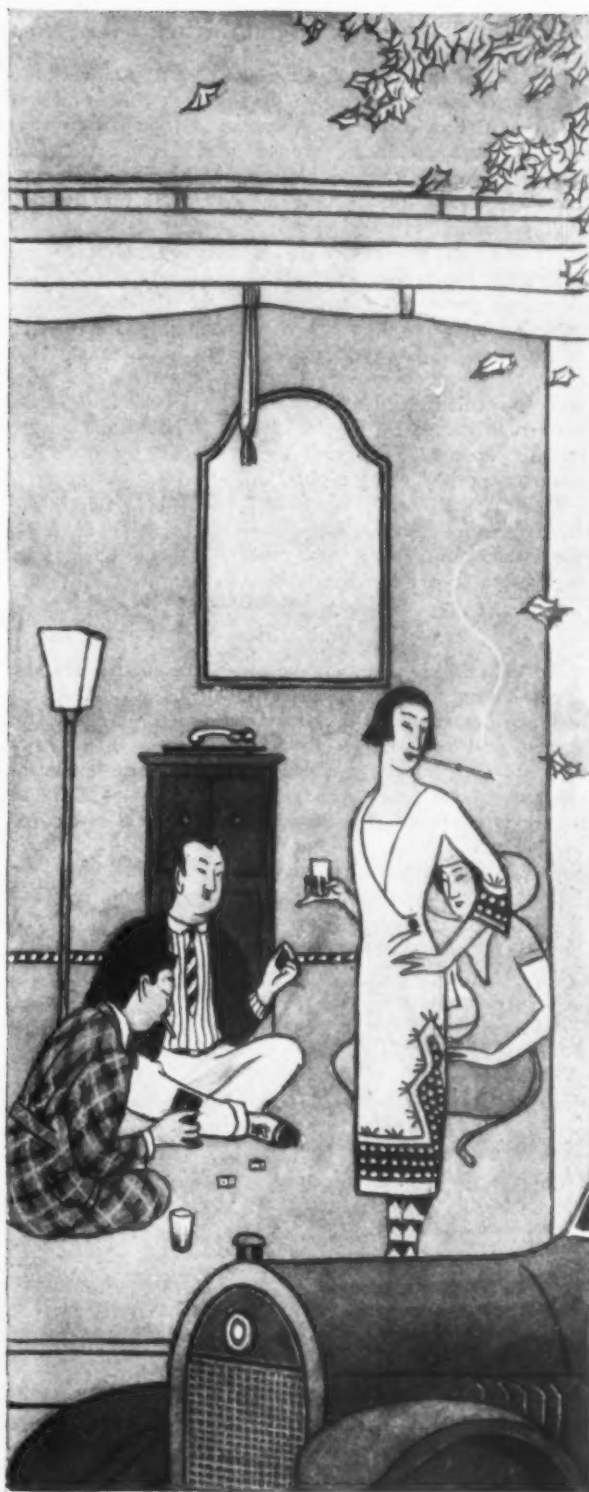
Boxes of you I've ravished,
Trying to light a pipe.
Language on you I've lavished,
Some of it overripe,
Yet you don't heed my scratches,
Will-o'-the-wisp of matches.

Strewn in my wake is lumber
Ample to build a barn,
Unlighted sticks in number
Into the millions. Darn
All the sad works of nations
Dealing in imitations.

"Made in Nippon," obscurely,
Coyly your label states.
"Tandstickor Swenska," surely,
Boldly the print relates.
That is what strikes me oddest—
Newer Japan grown modest.



Viewing the Blossoms—Kyoto, 1822



Rolling the Bones—Kyoto, 1922

A Japanese Handbook of America

Compiled and Edited Under the Superstition of Hon. W. R. Hearse

THE United States of Americans, U. S. A., are limitless country bounded on all sides. It consist mainly of State of California, where center of Japanese civilization hold sway and make prunes out of honest American labor. Far-flung outposts of Japanese culture also extend East and break out in Oriental Art Shop and Rolling Ball games.

As colonial possession of Japanese Empire, United States of Americans, U. S. A., hold many possibilities. Although presently overrun with native sons of Uncle Sam, assimilation preceeds very nicely, thank you, and is probable. Already, United States have as national idol, 1 Japanese movie actor; 2 tennis-ball players and 3 acrobatty musicians under protection Japanese gentleman named Ed Wynn. National American anthem called "Japanese Sandman" are broadcast by radio for American kiddos every night.

In American home, Japanese influence are felt in domestic service, framed wood-print from Yokohama Police Gazette, silk lamp, dish-crockery, flower-bowl, sewing-basket, dwarf-tree and bust-eesi furniture.

Main Cities

San Francisco and neighborhood are main Japanese city in United States of Americans, U. S. A. Main American city are New-York. New-York are full of beautiful women and remarkable sky-line. Business opportunity are second to none if not caught at it. Many hotels insult thousands of rich guests every day. New-York can be great resource to Japanese Empire as soon as cleared of Tammany Hall, real estate operations and subway, if ever. Motto of city: Step Lively. Other big cities are

Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati and St. Louis but not necessary.

The Seat of Government

The center of hot-air supply for United States of Americans, U. S. A., are located in Washington, Dizzy. It also contain national cemetery of brains buried under large white eddyface called Capitol. In Capitol live Senators and other statesmen which make good nurses for young Japanese diplomat to cut eye-teeth on. Most American statesmen cannot tell difference between honorable Japanese gentleman and Chinese dog. Therefore, if anything go wrong, blame on dog. Service to Japanese Empire also available by degraded position of butler-boy to high American official house. While passing up fish dinner can listen in on private national conversation.

Other Educational Advantages

United States of Americans, U. S. A., enjoy many institutions of wisdom including Columbia University, Harvard Football Team, Yale-Princeton Lizard House and soforth. The best for Japanese student are Columbia because of honor degrees, and fresh air tennis courts.

Customs, Traditions and Characteristics

American traditions is Babe Ruth, ice cream pie and superiority of wimmen. American customs is anything you please and grow worse by year. Every American child-adult has one million dollars in money. This goes fifty-fifty to government income-tax and bad oil stocks.

Americans is light-hearted, easy pippel fond of jazz-dance, flapper-vamp and jokes. Their best jokes is prohibition and the immigration law.

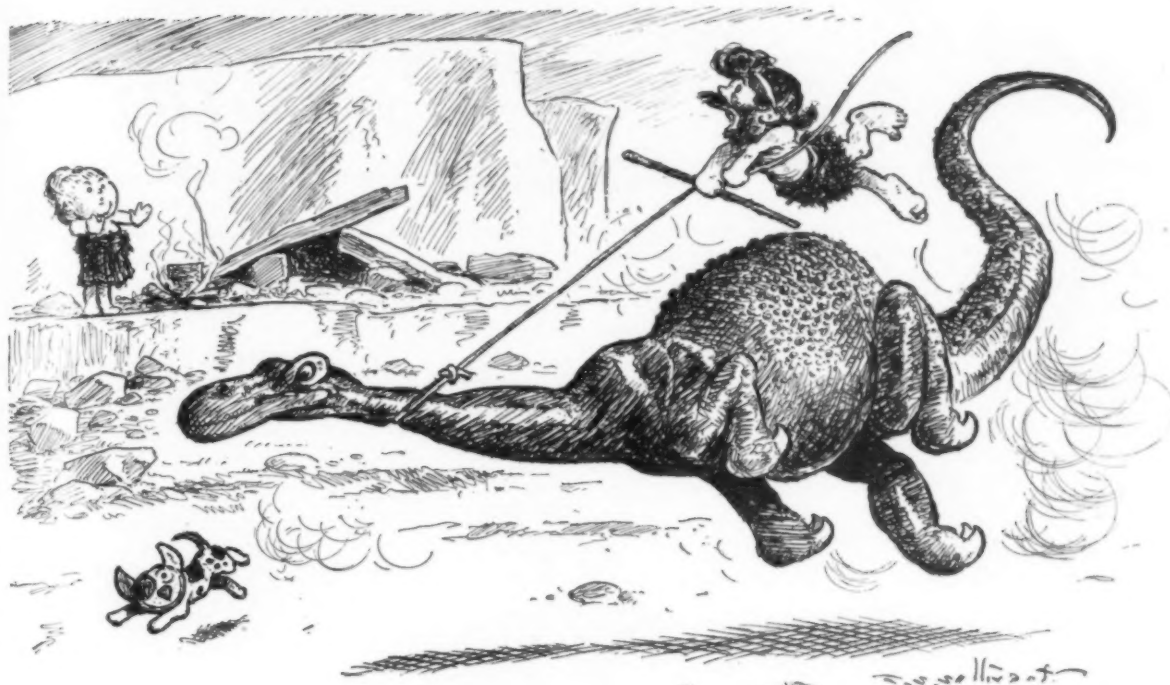
H. W. H.



"I woke up this morning and I couldn't believe that my uncle had died and left me a million dollars. It seemed like a dream."

"Ah—so your uncle left you a million?"

"No—it was a dream."



"Hey, ma! Look here what I've caught for dinner!"

From a Page of History Chapter IXX.

The American Troubles in Japan.

... the coming of the Americans into Japan was so subtly performed that at first it was not noticed by the authorities. Finally, however, the government was obliged to take notice of a condition of affairs that could no longer be tolerated. Citizens had protested. In one case there had been a riot, a number of respectable people having run out of town a band of American profiteers. The climax came, however, when a syndicate of movie people arranged to put a theatre of their own in every Japanese village. It was then that the whole Japanese people rose up. . . . Six months later they submitted a list of grievances against the Americans. The main points were as follows:

The Americans are an intolerable people; aggressive, greedy, and without any sense of art. They vitiate everything they touch.

As soon as they settle in any place, they corrupt all the inhabitants.

Instead of working as we do, they buy up everything in sight.

We must keep them out.

After a series of diplomatic gestures, a gentlemen's agreement with America was finally reached. It embodied, in effect, the following:

That only one thousand Americans should be allowed to visit Japan during the course of one year, and that none of them could stay more than six months.

That no American books or periodicals should be permitted, except the *World Almanac* and *LIFE*.

That all American movie magnates and profiteers should be deported.

Japan thus made an effort to preserve her ancient freedom. . . .

Proverbs from the Japanese

HITCH your jinrikisha to a Shimizu.

* * *

The yen is mightier than the sword.

* * *

A little incense now and then is relished by the best of men.

* * *

Hara-kiri is its own reward.

* * *

All roads lead to Tokio.

* * *

Be good and you'll be Jappy.

Hokku

HERE'S the sort of verse People write in old Japan Where they think it terse, Graceful, and a cinch to scan— And they write it on a fan.

True, it doesn't rhyme—
But it's full of funny jokes.
It is not a crime
To be poking puns at folks
In the land of equivoques.

This is easy stuff—
Japaneasy is the word—
(If that's not enough,
I can think of puns I've heard
Much more childish and absurd.)

But, lest you may scoff,
Sneer and bid me to begone,
Here's where I nip off
One small Hokku of Nippon,
Of an era 'way back yon:

"She is Poetry,
Perfect, rhythmic and complete.
Do you laugh at me?
Here's the proof that can't be
beat—
When you meter*, scan her feet!"
T. R.

(* The oldest known pun. Written by the Emperor Tengu, 668 A. D.)

Life



Lines

MINERS and railroad men bear a striking resemblance nowadays.

┆

A Frenchwoman has been rewarded by her government for bravery in 1871. This is somewhat in line with our own bonus arrangements.

┆

H. G. Wells is being urged to stand for Parliament. The question is, will Parliament stand for H. G. Wells?

┆

It appears that they intend to fight it out along the railroad lines if it takes all summer.

┆

Evidently the Prohibitionists are of the opinion that we should call the ocean liners steamships.

┆

The Administration, says Secretary Hughes, is getting some results that weren't expected. But some of the more vengeful Democrats rather hoped for them.

┆

Perhaps President Harding now would rather be right, too.

┆

The bobbed hair craze has made it almost impossible for a man to get a seat in a barber shop.

┆

The Georgia Senate is considering a bill to make husbands tell their wives the truth. But then, probably, there wouldn't be any Georgia Senators.

┆

It is getting so these days that the automobile factories cannot turn out cars fast enough to supply the demand from the thieving industry!

┆

A man in Philadelphia threw a dangerous electric switch just for the fun of starting a fire. A short circuit and a merry one!

The time has come when Russia must either float a loan or sink alone.

┆

Lenine and Trotzky apparently want to eat their cake and give the check to the Allies.

┆

Wouldn't it be a smart trick for Hearst to further his political chances by ordering his own newspapers to come out against him?

┆

The present unrest in Europe will be settled just as soon as the Irish Free State and the Zion Republic form an alliance.

┆

Put two and two together and you've got the beginnings of almost any good homebrew recipe.

┆

A U. S. Senator is like a ball player. When he outlives his usefulness he is put on the bench.

┆

Truth (as everybody had expected) was in due course found lying at the bottom of a well.

"You see," she apologized, "it was the only way I could keep at a safe distance from those dreadful oil stock promoters."

┆

There, there, little law, don't you cry; You'll be unconstitutional by and by.

┆

Bridegrooms may console themselves with the thought that the first hundred biscuits are the hardest.

┆

Perhaps the British should not blame our Anti-Saloon League for the American dry propaganda in that country. It may be that our moonshine interests desire to eliminate foreign competition.

┆

As the returning tourists enter New York Harbor, an appropriate tune for the ship's band to play would be, "Smuggle Up a Little Closer."

┆

Europeans may or may not be able to appreciate Art more than Americans, but apparently the Americans are the only ones able to pay for it.



Old Bill Nickel

Elmer Hopkins put up a crowbar for a hen roost an' the rooster liked it fine



"What I say is that if a woman is good-looking the higher education is unnecessary."
 "Yes, and if she isn't, it is inadequate."

AN AUCTION

The Psycho-Salesmanship of Japanese Prints

"I returned his gaze in a friendly way."

ANY man, by inadvertence, may marry a wife with a passion for Japanese prints. But he has only himself to blame if he allows her to take him to a Bond Street Auction of Japanese Prints.

I only went because I thought there would be a tremendous noise. I pictured a crowd of excited people waving their hands and crying aloud, "I bid Five Thousand Pounds." But there was no noise at the auction. On the contrary, I halted at the threshold, thinking I must have blundered into some sort of prayer-meeting. We slid across the floor and crouched in a corner, praying.

A number of very earnest people were seated round a polished table perfectly silent, gazing at a little polished dark man, who stood at the end. At the other end was a group of very sinister men, with powerful jaws. My wife whispered "Those are the Dealers!"

I blanched.

It was very difficult to discover what was happening. The auctioneer picked up a print, and in a far-away murmur, like the distant incantation of a holy man, said, "*Fuji from the North—by Hokusai.*" *Fuji* was passed round the table, and all the people prayed at it.

The little man began his incantation again. He sang, "Two - pound - ten - fifteen - Three pounds - Three pounds five - ten - fifteen - Four pounds - Four pounds five - ten - fifteen - Five pounds - Five pounds ten - fifteen - Sold to Mr. Moss."

Nobody had spoken a word.

"How did Mr. Moss buy it?" I

whispered to my wife. The auctioneer glared at me.

The next print was "*Fuji from the South, by O My.*" This time, while the auctioneer was intoning, I watched the dealers, and gradually I discovered that they were in some sort of spiritual communication with him. One of them twitched the flesh of his cheek: the bidding bounded up five shillings. Another one almost imperceptibly raised one eyebrow: another kept making a faint flickering movement with the lobe of his left ear. Every time it cost him five shillings, sometimes ten.

Mr. Joss acquired "*Fuji from the South.*" He did this by simply lifting his little finger from the shiny table and putting it back again. It was uncanny.

I may say that I know nothing whatever about Japanese prints. To me the work of Mr. Hokusai is indistinguishable from the work of Mr. Hi You. My wife, however, knows all about it, and she had marked down in the catalogue one or two aspects of *Fuji* which she particularly coveted: but when we saw what sort of sums Mr. Moss was paying for *Fuji*, she abandoned hope and one by one saw all her pet choices acquired by Mr. Moss.

Silent and awed, I watched the little auctioneer, who fascinated me, and the monumental dealers, who, frankly, did not.

But not quite silent. For in the middle of some fierce bidding for "*Fuji from the North-West, by Hi You,*" I had a misfortune. I blew my nose.

The dealer turned and glared at me, as at a man who sings loudly in church.

"Thirteen pounds," sang the auctioneer, and flung his miraculous eye about the room.

"Thirteen pounds," he sang again, and hammered once with his hammer, and this time his eye met mine with an almost human look in it.

"Thirteen pounds bid!" he hammered again. My blood ran cold. It dawned upon me that "*Fuji from the North-West*" was in an ace of passing into my possession. I had bid.

I had bid, for me, a monstrous sum. Thirteen whole pounds!

For an aspect of *Fuji* which I simply loathed.

The hammer rose again. I longed to signify in some way that I had not blown my nose with any special significance, but I knew not how.

I dared not speak. I am sensitive to atmospheres, and I felt that to utter a word in that place would place me outside the pale of civilized creatures. I resigned myself.

And then, as a drowning man hears the voices of his rescuers, I heard "Thirteen - ten - Fourteen-pounds!" Somebody had overbid me. I shut my eyes and sat back, gasping.

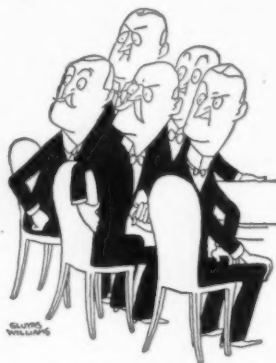
When I opened them again, I discovered a curious thing. I had acquired a status. I was respected. I was the man who bid thirteen pounds for "*Fuji from the North-West.*" At a pause in the bidding for "*Fuji at Sunrise*" the auctioneer looked enquiringly at me, as at a man of known substance. I returned this gaze in a friendly way. And "*Fuji at Sunrise*" suddenly became mine—at twenty pounds!

I vowed I would never look at that wicked little man again.

But after that the dealers kept a watchful eye upon me. I was evidently an amateur expert, a dark horse. And suddenly a madness seized me. I would live up to my



"Flung his miraculous eye about."



"The dealers turned and glared at me."



"Tottered out into Bond Street, triumphant, bankrupt."



There's a Reason for Everything

"So you're not sending Eric to college?"

"No—you see, he isn't going into a broker's office so it really isn't necessary."

reputation. It would be amusing, I felt, to run these arrogant dealers up against each other, make them spend some money.

I bid wildly. I coughed, I frowned, I wriggled my eyebrows. Mr. Moss and Mr. Joss seemed to know very well that if a man of my experience bid high for a print, it was worth having. I forced them up to preposterous heights, dropping out, of course, when things became dangerous.

But sometimes *they* dropped out when things became dangerous: and that was very awkward. Mr. Moss, no doubt, could afford it. I could not.

But the fever had me, and I could not stop. In vain my wife kicked, pinched, and elbowed me. When I bought "*Fuji in a Snowstorm*" by simply scratching my head, she fled from the room. I bought "*Fuji at Sunset*" with an involuntary wink; I bought "*Fuji in the Dark*" with a sneeze; I bought "*Fuji During an Earthquake*" with a faint sigh. And at last I tottered out into Bond Street, triumphant, bankrupt, and carrying *Fuji* in all positions. . . .

People tell me that my collection of Japanese prints is the worst in the world. It may be so.

A. P. H.

Fly Time

AND have you learned to loathe the fly?

I hope you have; and hope they die in thousands by your artful schemes, Result of your inspired dreams, Oh, swat them well! Annihilate Each loathsome pest insatiate. Spare not a single one to spread Disease, disaster, dirt and dread.

Just one word more before I close: It's hard to tell their sex, God knows. A fly's a fly—enough—but still The female fly's the one to kill.

G. K. D.



AUGUST 10, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 80. 2075

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SOME people are worried by the current disposition to make everybody share in the management of the world. They fear that it is putting too much responsibility on the incompetent.

They believe that the world must be run by comparatively few managers, which is true, and they don't see how the mass of the voters can be sufficiently instructed even to back the right managers, nor how they can sort out right from wrong in the very complex situations which come up for solution. Take, for example, the strikes that are going on at this writing, and the difficulty of forming an intelligent opinion about the rights and wrongs of them. That calls not only for a fair mind, but for experts who know details and yet can see things large. The alternative to letting them be fought out is to have them settled by discussion and agreement, and so they should be settled by all means. In the meantime, feeling about them varies from day to day according to what one reads in the newspapers.

So it is with our foreign affairs. Immediate control of them is in our government, which is responsible for what is done at any time, but in the long run, public opinion has an effect on governmental policy so that the general feeling towards any nation is always important. But just as most people go by hearsay in forming their opinions on strikes, so they do about foreign countries. The American voter knows more about foreign countries than he did, but he does not know enough yet to have very wise opinions about their poli-

cies. He is very open to be misled about what goes on in the minds of their people, what they want in the world, why they want it, and how they propose to get it.

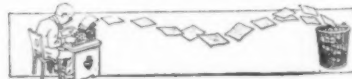


CONSIDER Japan. There is a country with which our country has relations of the utmost importance, and will continue to have them for a long time to come. It is extremely necessary that a just conception of Japan's character and policies should prevail in this country. To us the Japanese are very foreign. We see them a-plenty, to be sure, but in the Eastern states we only see individuals—a few students, a few merchants, a few house-servants. Not many of us ever see them at home or understand their minds and know their history well enough to form intelligent judgments about them.

We want to think the best of the Japanese. We have our full share of responsibility for introducing them to the much-disputed blessing of the western civilization. If they have been westernized to their detriment, it is nobody's fault more than ours. The first thing to do in thinking about any foreign nation is to realize that its people are not all alike—that some are better and some are worse, just as we are. The next thing is to realize that there is more than one governmental policy in Japan as in other countries, and that now one set of policies is represented by the government, and again another set by a different government. If we think that any particular government in Japan leans too much to force and militarism, we must remember that there is another party in Japan opposed to that gov-

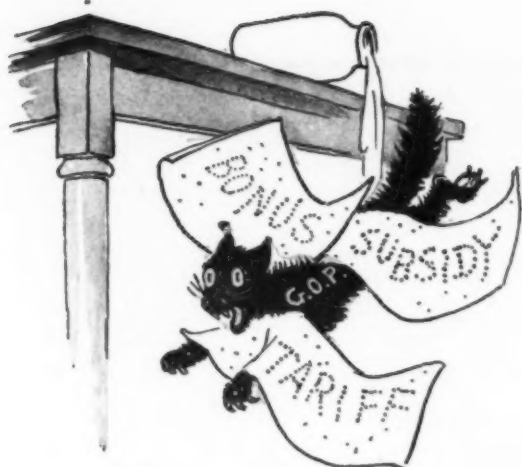
ernment and favorable to policies that we like better. We can always be confident that there are Japanese who would agree with us in any just and friendly ideas that we have, and confident too that there are always Japanese who know as much about human life as we do and have thought no less deeply, intelligently and sincerely about it, and practiced it quite as successfully as we have.

A very great thing was accomplished in Washington last winter for the preservation of friendly relations between these States and Japan. The apparatus for harmonious action on one whole set of disputed questions was provided. It remains to guard and nourish such an equitable and friendly spirit as shall keep that apparatus working beneficently. The way to get along with any man or group of men is to start on the basis that they mean to play fair. That is the attitude that we should take towards Japan.

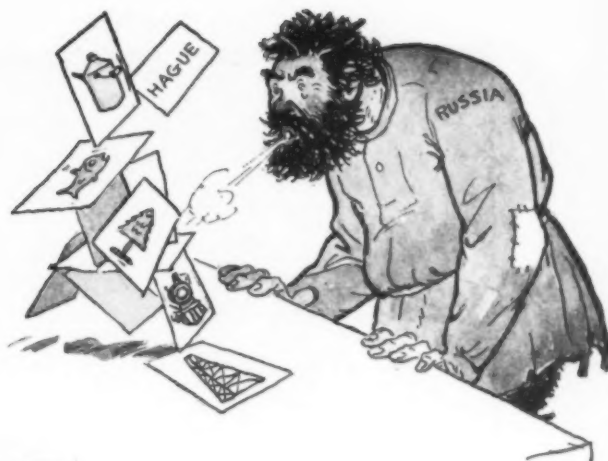


FOR almost everybody the great light bringer in this stage of the world is the newspaper. Our opinions are formed by what we read in the newspaper we trust the most, modified by what we read in the other papers, and occasionally by what we read in a book or what somebody tells us. Our day-to-day information about Japan will come almost entirely through the newspapers, but we should know Japan well enough and understand her sufficiently to have some judgment as to whether what the newspapers tell us is true. In all matters we should bring a little knowledge and some sense of our own to our newspapers. They expect it of us and count on it.

E. S. M.

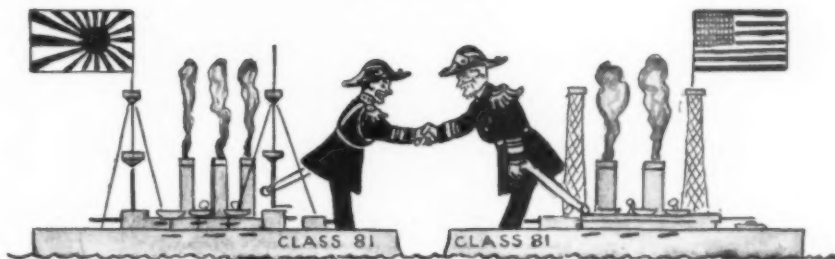


ALL TANGLEFOOTED UP



THE CONFERENCE COLLAPSES

WHAT A MONTH BRINGS FORTH



THE CLASS OF '81 HOLDS A REUNION



BARBARISM STALKS
IN THE COAL FIELDS



ARRESTED FOR
BOOTLEGGING

W.J. ENRIGHT



Hands Across the
Neptune:—I want you two fello



Across the Pacific
you two fellows to be friends.



The Negro Revues

IN the series of Negro entertainments which the success of "Shuffle Along" started on their syncopated course, "The Plantation Revue" seems to us the best because it has less imitation of white Broadway in it.

Why should a people possessing the distinctive talents of Negroes feel it necessary to subordinate them in an attempt to be like the average white revue "artist," whose gifts consist chiefly in the ability to walk slowly back and forth along the footlights speaking the words to a song, with an occasional *tour de force* such as tossing the straw hat into the air and catching it on the back of the head? Negroes can sing and they can dance and, what is more, they have an easy, unforced manner and stage presence which relieves the spectator of that awful dread (present during the performance of many white entertainers) that the performer is either going to burst shortly or break down and admit that he simply can't try to be funny any longer against such heavy odds.



IN most of the Negro revues, there has been an unfortunate tendency to emulate Broadway instead of trying to substitute something genuine in Broadway's place. "The Plantation Revue" offers nothing more sophisticated than a plain program of musical and dancing

numbers, each excellent of its kind and possessing a peculiar elemental quality which at times strikes bedrock in the spectator with a scraping effect which is startling to one who has been considering himself the perfect product of centuries of civilization.

The only feature of an entertainment which does not benefit by an occasional lapse into elementals is the formal and spoken humor. The manner in which a joke is delivered may be as primitive as possible, (in fact, should be) but the joke itself ought at least to have the earmarks of some sort of progress since the days of the Piltown circuit. And in this respect, most of the Negro comedy lines are innocent of any sophistication. They are built of the unvarnished materials from which a child fashions his first quips for the delectation of his comrades. Perhaps that is why "The Plantation Revue" seems superior to the rest. It has more singing and dancing and jazz orchestration, and less patter than the others. And everyone in it enjoys it so.



"STRUT MISS LIZZIE" is on a more elaborate scale, and slips more often into the commonplace white class. Its chief assets are Creamer and Layton, the song writers, who, in common with most colored performers, seem to be such exceedingly likeable people that even if they were not very good performers, you couldn't help having a good time at the show. Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—A murder mystery which almost everyone in the country must have seen by now, so it can hardly be called a mystery.

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Creepy goings-on in a haunted house which will make a better man of you.

From Morn To Midnight. *Frazee.*—An intense and strictly modern drama of the bitter school. Well done.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Garrick.*—The tragedy of a clown given an excellent production by the Theatre Guild.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic.*—Something awful.

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—Delightful ro-

mantic burlesque, with Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash.

The Dover Road. *Bijou.*—English comedy. Very nice indeed. Charles Cherry heads the cast.

The Goldfish. *Shubert.*—Marjorie Rambeau in a combination of good comedy and heavy burlesque.

Kempy. *Belmont.*—A comedy of home-life which is having a deserved success.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric as a Parisian cocotte and very pert she is, too.

Partners Again. *Selwyn.*—Another Potash and Perlmutter after a too-long absence.

Shore Leave. *Lyceum.*—Frances Starr in the first offering of the new season. To be reviewed later.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—A hilarious series of troubles participated in by Ernest Truex and June Walker as suburban newlyweds.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Return engagement of the musical comedy with real music.

Chauve-Souris. *Century Roof.*—Pleasant vaudeville by Russian artists.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe.*—Still going strong.

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—What looks like a hardy perennial.

Pin Wheel Revue. *Little.*—To be reviewed next week.

Plantation Revue. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Spice of 1922. *Winter Garden.*—One of those Winter Garden shows.

Strut Miss Lizzie. *Earl Carroll.*—Negro revue, with Creamer and Layton.

Ziegfeld Polities. *New Amsterdam.*—Will Rogers the mainstay. As for the rest—well, it's the Polities.

The Power of the Eye

I'M one of those gullible persons who believe a great deal they see in print. Even if I don't actually believe it, I don't disbelieve it until I give it a trial.

One of the things which has impressed me most in fiction and on the screen is the "power of the eye." I read of men causing wild beasts to slink off by a single, fearless, steady look. What is more remarkable, I have read of the same results produced in dealing with men.

"You don't dare press that trigger, you yellow cur," I remember the hero saying in one of my favorite books; "drop that gun." And as if mesmerized the villain dropped the gun, to his own great discomfiture and the corresponding pleasure of witnesses to the episode.

Nor is the psychology of all this hard to believe. We all know that courage, determination and aggressiveness can be displayed as much by a glance as by a long speech on the subject.

I experimented with my own eyes the other day.

While walking down the street and glancing into a store window I accidentally collided with a person of more bulk than brains. He should have been looking where he was going. Like most ill-bred persons of his sort he attempted to make a scene. He stopped short in his tracks, glaring at me menacingly.

"Watch where yer goin', fish face," he exclaimed rudely.

I remembered the power of the eye, and shot a stern glance at him.

"Who yuh lookin' at?" was his next impertinence.

"Move on, fellow," I said, much in the same tone that the hero of my book must have used when he directed the villain to drop the gun.

"I've a good mind to knock yer block off," he responded.

"You don't dare, you yellow cur," I replied fearlessly, and added a little more horsepower to my glance.

I don't remember very clearly what happened next. He must have moved on because when I picked myself up from the sidewalk he was nowhere to be seen.

However, one of my eyes is in such condition that I do not think I shall try the experiment again in the very near future.

I wonder whether authors practice what they preach? T. H. L.

Radiolatrology

THE worst of all idolators
Are zealous radiolaters
Who wreck the peace of erstwhile
happy homes

With droll of variometers,
Detectors, galvanometers,
Antennæ, switches, batteries and
ohms.

Their eyes devoutly glistening,
They'll sit for ages listening
With clumsy rubber muffs upon their
ears,
And hail the shrieking mordancies
Of far-away discordancies
As though they were the music of
the spheres.

They'll stand for prosy summaries
And monologues and mummeries
Of folks you couldn't wheedle them
to see,

The rant of revolutionists
And awful elocutionists,
Because they come from Newark,
XYZ.

They'll take the driest serial
So long as it's aerial;
They'll take the saddest sentimental
gush
The ambient may squeak to them;
But if you dare to speak to them
The only sound you get from them is,
"Shush!"

In Nome or sweet Lafcadio
There's no escape from Radio!
Then, since you cannot dodge the
atmosphere,
My songs shall cheer or trouble you
From Station PKW,
Because, at least, I'd rather talk than
hear! A. G.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 40. Milking time at Dr. Brush's Kumyss Farm



Highbrow Is as Highbrow Does

NOW that the Wells reactions to the Washington Conference are safely back upon the shelf from their rounds of the family, he has turned right about and is at us again with an entire new set of notions. "The Secret Places of the Heart" (Macmillan) is on sale at all booksellers and the over-burdened human mind must forgo its comfortable delusions to participate with him in the world's task of salvaging the world.

Sir Richmond Hardy (as his author for the moment christens himself) is all-fired impatient to save the world by saving its fuel. Doctor Martineau, psychiatrist *de luxe*, prescribes for his tattered nerves. A motor trip through England in the spring and a searching of the heart—"self-knowledge without anesthetics"—that is the up-to-date way of it. Ergo, discussions of fuel, sex, evolution and archaeology. It is all very modern and intimate. But the treatment, however brilliant and self-revealing and beneficial to the baronet, is abandoned. Sir Richmond is the kind which must be left to wear itself out. The Cosmic Urge intervenes and the fuel problem obligingly finishes the job. His death is finely casual and Anglo-Saxon. There is a good deal about gorillas. Excellent, virile stuff.

"The Secret Places of the Heart" reads like a hurricane and does not quite come off. It were better said that, like most of Wells, it comes off at half-cock. We wonder why. Wells has a living mind, the presentation of his ideas is invariably stimulating and his creative energy is the most remarkable of our recent literature. All of these things, plus

his reluctance to allow folks time between his books in which to think him over, have built up a kind of cult about him.

Ever since he gave over story telling for social diagnosis, he has

formation to burn and he can state his case with any man living or dead. He may well be the world's greatest author of labels but he does not finish his job. Before he can think it out, civilization has tempted his versatility with a new problem, and he is off to get his new novel written about it. He is too imaginative, too far-sighted, even too creative. He is content to be merely plausible and he is desperately anxious to be fashionable. He had rather be a prophet than a seer. Wherefore he is not a wise man out of the east nor an artist either, however much he may resemble both. He is an opportunist and a skillful agitator and those are almost vulgar things to be.

None the less, he has his great value for us. No writer more than he feels the world's need of a fresh understanding and approach. His vision may be erratic but it is also untiring. He tags our problems for us and his vitality sets our flagging minds to thought.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY has a unique way with personalities. He seems to be a phrenologist who feels the bumps of a historical skull and restores its one-time possessor to life. He can hit the key to that life, too, and set the whole thing moving upon a sound and novel psychological axis. In his new collection of critical and historical papers, "Books and Characters" (Harcourt), he is neater at the characters than at the books. So good a man as he must feel living to be more interesting than writing. And, as old-fashioned gentlemen would put it, he has wit. S. H.

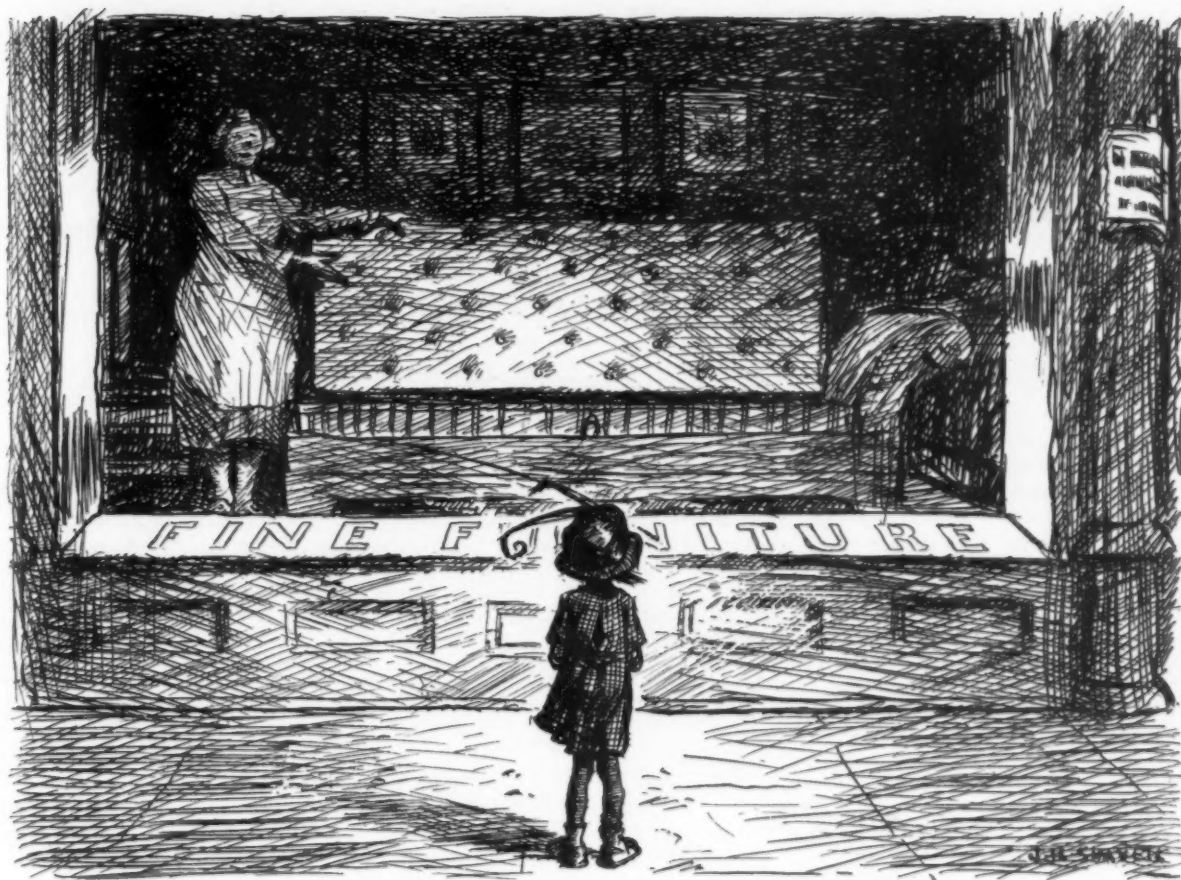


Zealous D. D.: How did you like my sermon this morning, MacTavish?

Equally Zealous Golf Pro.: Verra fine, sir. Verra fine indeed! But, though it's no up t' me t' criticize, I think y'd get a much better effect if wi' th' wor-rd 'hell' ye'd do yer gesturin' wi' a full shoulder swing instead o' relyin' on th' limited power o' yer for-re-arm!

been ready with his panaceas. But his vision always outstrips his reason, and, though he can dominate his problems, he cannot quite master them. He can shock, disgruntle, confuse and excite his reader and tell a story like sixty and write like a demon. But he never preaches through to a conclusion. He has in-

novel psychological axis. In his new collection of critical and historical papers, "Books and Characters" (Harcourt), he is neater at the characters than at the books. So good a man as he must feel living to be more interesting than writing. And, as old-fashioned gentlemen would put it, he has wit.



A Private Performance

Sonnet of Strange Similes

MY love is like a stick of spearmint gum—
The flavor lasts—my love is like the tune
My neighbor plays each morning until noon
(That is, it haunts me always); mute and dumb
My love is, like a punctured kettledrum.
'Tis brightest after sunset, like the moon,
And, like the onion, strongest during June;
My love is ardent as forbidden rum.

Sometimes my love is diffident and shy,
Like a Ford car seeking a place to park,
Or like a husband in a corset shop;
Sometimes it struts and holds its head up high,
Like a Knight Templar or a meadow lark,
Or a dress-suited freshman at a hop.

S. K.

A girl's summer wardrobe should include several bathing-suits and at least one suit for bathing.

What the "Yellow Peril" Has Done for America

IT has enabled California to keep in the public eye at times when tennis stars, movie scandals and seismic disturbances were not to be relied upon.

It has brought to light certain baneful characteristics of Mr. Hearst concerning which the American people might otherwise never have been informed.

It has supplied jaded dramatists with a wealth of material in the form of slant-eyed Japanese butlers second to none in villainy.

It has provided Senator Phelan with a sure-fire issue whenever he needs one.

It has given our college debaters a topic that can be fittingly described as among "the vital questions of the day."

It has served to distract attention from Mexico, Germany, Russia and other sore spots at times when too much attention in any of these quarters might have led to a state of war.

It has persuaded thousands of Americans to discontinue the keeping of gold fish, as a patriotic duty.

F. W.



Horoscope for This Week

THIS week is lucky if you are a smuggler. By a vote of nine drinks to seven (one abstaining) LIFE's Board of Astrology has decided that this week ought to be just dandy for smuggling. All the old almanacs say that Saturn, the patron planet of smugglers, is looking more saturnine than ever, a fact which the amateur astrologer may readily verify by gazing at Saturn through a telescope until he gets fisherman's eye. Consequently, those engaged in smuggling pearl necklaces, hasheesh, bird of paradise feathers, Bolshevik

tracts, liquor, Chinese servants, or copies of *Jurgen* and *Ulysses*, should be able to fool the customs inspectors and evade the Canadian Mounted Police without any trouble at all.

If your birthday occurs this week, you are susceptible to love, laziness, vanity, cruelty, anger, snobbery, fear, and pride, but on occasion can be kind, generous, and unselfish. Your success depends partly on how much you will inherit, partly on whom you will or have married, and partly on your native ability to keep out of strange jails.

E. E. P., Jr.

They Never Will Be Missed

IF Gen. Wu Pei-Fu is sincere in his desire to create a United States of China and if, as the dispatches state, he has good reason to believe that the Americanization of China will work, the following should be offered him without delay:

Voliva, Bryan, Norman Hapgood, Peggy (Hopkins) Joyce, Harold Bell Wright.

Constitution and By-laws of the Rotary Club.

Babe Ruth.

Eskimo Pie, William Randolph Hearst, Dr. Frank Crane.

Wall Street.

Main Street.

Vaudeville.

"Say it with flowers," the American Federation of Labor.

Flappers.

The Congressional Record.

Coney Island, Tag Day, Edsel Ford.

Chop suey.



The Guest: I suppose your husband is very fond of yachting?

The Owner's Wife: Well, no; he ain't really. Sometimes it makes him awful sick, but he made his money outa canned salmon durin' th' war an' he feels he kinda owes it to the sea.

Chineasy Money

NEXT to breeding goldfish for the market, the manufacture of Translations from the Chinese is probably the most lucrative sideline in literary America today. Like goldfish breeding, it can be done at home in odd moments—or, for that matter, even the even ones.

The way to go about it is very simple.

First procure a good Chinaman. Almost any reputable foreign missionary society will help you find one. If not, a good coolie will do. Coolie labor is still cheap, although the consumption of rice among coolies of the better class is said to be on the increase.

After a brief period of collaboration, you may entrust the routine work to your native collaborator and devote yourself to promotion. A well-planned campaign will enable you to gain entrée into all the best publishing offices and ladies' literary clubs in America.

No salesmanship is required. Your Translations from the Chinese will sell themselves. All varieties are marketable, although preference is naturally given to those which mean nothing or less. (To make sure that your products conform to this standard, it is good practice to read them aloud to your coolie every morning before breakfast. If a Translation appears to make sense, it should be set aside for revision.)

You are now a regular contributor to the *Atlantic*, the *Bookman*, the *Dial*—and, for all you know, the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post* may also take you up.

In almost no time, you should be able to afford another coolie, one that will work nights as well as Sundays and legal holidays.

Having entered the field of quantity production, you will be confronted by one difficulty—the footnotes. No four-line Translation from the Chinese is ever allowed at large unless accompanied by at least forty-four lines of footnotes. Hence the tendency is for the output of Translations to get ahead of the footnotes, causing congestion. This must be guarded against.

A good way is to prepare your footnotes in advance; then write your Translations. Beginners, however, may find this method tedious.

For quick results perhaps the ready-made footnotes are most useful. Ready-made footnotes come in all lengths and are guaranteed to fit any and all Translations from the Chinese. From the latest catalogue of one of the largest mail-order houses in Chicago we select the following samples:

READY-MADE FOOTNOTES

Especially Prepared for the Use of Literati Engaged in Making Translations from the Chinese

¹ Literally *mā-wai*, or *sai-wen*, or *to'dai*, the bridge of no resistance; hence, fallen arches.

² The author is evidently jesting here.

³ An obvious anachronism. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup was not introduced into China until the latter part of the *Sen-sen* Dynasty.

⁴ When a Chinese maiden of the *O-yü* Dynasty passed her twenty-first birthday she was said to be *too-too*, i. e., going on twenty-two.

§ The allusion is to the late *Rig-lee*, favorite of the somewhat later *Gum-Choo* of the *Choo-Gum* Dynasty. Tradition has it that *Gum-Choo* forsook *Rig-lee* upon the arrival at court of *Pep'sin*, a famous beauty from the Canton of *Chic-le*. Unable to dispose of her in any other way, the King is reputed to have hidden *Rig-lee* under the table, where eventually she died of ennui.

* In Tu Fu's poem, *The Six-Sided Square* (Knoobsch), the mountains are referred to as purple. The translator, however, has taken the liberty of changing them to pink, so as not to confuse them with a celebrated cow of the former color.

F. W.



The one time father had a chance to run off the entire pack

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Shoulder Arms"

THE Capitol Theatre, in New York, recently presented a revival of Charlie Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms," and those who were privileged to see it were able to confirm their previous impression. It is the greatest comedy in movie history.

Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton are remarkably good; but there never can be any question about Chaplin's supremacy, no matter how many "Sunnysides" or "Pay Days" he may produce in his off moments. He is the one real genius of the lot.

THERE has never been anything on the screen so funny as the dug-out scenes in "Shoulder Arms"; and there has never been anything so unutterably tragic as the delivery of the mail in the front line, when everybody gets a letter but Charlie.

Anyone who can conscientiously deny that this is art deserves to be housed in an institution.

"The Man Unconquerable"

JACK HOLT presents that rare combination, a red-blooded, two-fisted he-man who can wear a dress suit that looks as if it actually belonged to him. He can wield a teacup with the best of them, and then can step forth and knock the burly villain for a row of three-room bungalows.

In "The Man Unconquerable," Mr. Holt does all these things in acceptable fashion. He is not materially aided by the story, which is one of those melodramatic South Sea affairs, but he is sufficient in himself to atone for a lot. Clarence Burton gives a good performance as the villain at the receiving end of Mr. Holt's punches.

"A Fool There Was"

WHEN Kipling wrote "The Vampire" he kindled flames of inspiration in a great many unexpected quarters. Burne-Jones did a painting to illustrate the poem; then Porter Emerson Browne made a play of it; and finally William Fox reduced the idea to celluloid.

It was the movie, with Theda Bara, that did most of the damage. "To vamp" became a household verb, and Miss Bara became very famous. "A Fool There Was," in its original film form, probably exerted a more profound influence on contemporary thought than any picture that has ever been produced.

All this, however, was eight years ago. Times and movies have changed materially since then. The vamp gave way to the baby vamp some years back, and the latter has now been superseded by the flapper. It was therefore a questionable move on Mr. Fox's part to produce a revised version of "A Fool There Was" in this advanced age.

ONE can not help comparing the present product with its predecessor, or rather, with one's hazy recollection of it. I, for one, am prepared to cast my ballot for Miss Bara's Vampire without question. It seems to me that Miss Estelle Taylor, who plays the part in the 1922 edition, is far from convincing. She is indubitably a most attractive young woman, but she can not stack up against Theda Bara as a wrecker of homes.

Moreover, any actress who essays a rôle of this type today must face the gruelling test of comparison with Pola Negri, and I venture to say that Miss Negri can give Miss Taylor a handicap of four jars of lip rouge, eight close-fitting gowns and twenty-

five eye-rolling close-ups—and still win in a walk.

"A FOOL THERE WAS," in its present form, possesses one sterling quality. That quality is embodied in the person of Lewis Stone, an actor of genuine and consistent ability. Mr. Stone is the Fool—the same weakling who made his prayer to a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, and finally landed face down on the canvas, while the grim referee counted ten over his clammy form.

It is not an easy part, but Mr. Stone does much to make it credible.

THE censorship menace hangs heavy over "A Fool There Was." Emmett Flynn, the director, has been compelled to omit so much essential detail that it almost seems as if the devastating liaison between the Fool and the Vampire were just a platonic, boy-and-girl affair.

This intolerable threat is gradually throttling any artistic possibilities that the movies may possess. Every producer must make sure that his pictures are "censor-proof," which means that, so far as the screen is concerned, Antony and Cleopatra were respectably married, there is no trouble of any kind between Capital and Labor, and babies come from Christmas trees. Marriage is a chemical fade-out.

The movies may reflect real life, but only to a certain extent. That extent is gauged by persons who believe that dancing is a vicious form of Babylonian decadence.

The Puritans originally provided the backbone of the American race; and now they are systematically endeavoring to reduce that backbone to a pulp. Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



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Times Changed

In a Western hotel the other day there was a reunion of World War heroes, when the head clerk, who was a First Lieutenant, called the porter, who was his Captain, and the head waiter, who was Lieutenant-Colonel, and had them throw out a former General who was cluttering up the chairs in the lobby.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

In the Highlands

FAIR ANGLER: What a glorious morning, Mac; I feel inclined to whistle and sing.

MAC: Tuts, lassie, we're no birrd scarin'—we're fushin'.—*Tatler.*

Strong, Silent Man

On being asked in court: "What does your husband earn?" a woman's unexpected reply was: "I am glad to say he is not such a ninny as to tell me."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

SIGN in a Greek bakeshop—"Dough-nuts, different yet not the same."

—*Boston Transcript.*



NO CHOICE

Father: What in thunder are you doing, young man, sitting there smoking cigarettes?

Son: Sure; the cigars are all gone.

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Not Too Ladylike

The best story of the Westerner's deference to women, writes a correspondent, is concerned with the conclusion of a little fight with Indians. The latter got the best of it, and the squaws arrived with stone hammers to finish off the wounded. As a squaw thus armed was approaching a half-conscious victim, his friend called out to him: "Look out, Bill, there's a lady coming."—*London Morning Post.*

Double Play

Twins having arrived, the father told little Peter that he needn't go to school that day.

LITTLE PETER: But wouldn't it be just as good to tell teacher to-morrow I've got one new little brother, and next week stay home again and then tell her I've got one more?—*Karikaturen.*

Far-Away Jobs

MRS. KNICKER: Do you look for work?

WEARY WILLIE: No, mum; my method is to listen in for it.

—*New York Herald.*

EVERY man has saved lots of lives by not driving the way his wife told him to.

—*Toledo Blade.*

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"Seventeen dollars? But leather has gone down so!"
"Exactly, madam, there is so little of it in this style."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Public Service

"Wait for the car to stop, and don't get on until it *does* stop!" yelled the conductor of an open surface car to a woman making desperate efforts to get aboard as the car slowed up slightly at a corner.

"Well, why *doesn't* it stop?" yelled the woman, as the car took on speed again and made off over the crossing.

"Well, why didn't you jump on?" the conductor yelled back.

—New York Evening Post.

A Busy Executive

ACCOUNTANT (to Office Manager): Have you a great deal to do here?

MANAGER: Well, I should say so. What little work there is I have to distribute among twenty people—that's no easy task.—Kasper (Stockholm).

ORATOR: And soon there will come a time when every man will do what he likes, and he'll be made to if he doesn't.

—London Morning Post.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



To Roderick Dhu

You eat the most unheard-of things;
Your optimism, ever new,
A sudden surge of hunger brings
On finding something you can chew.
No instinct wakes in you a question;
It must be good, because you met it.
You eat and leave it to digestion,
And frequently you then regret it.
On puppy cakes you scorn to sup,
Oh, foolish, grizzled Scotty pup!

You nap, for choice, far down the hall,
By shadows camouflaged from view,
And people in a hurry fall,
To canine keenings, over you.
Each day, in sudden bursts of glee,
You break a dozen man-made laws,
Then leap ecstatic on my knee
And leave there prints of muddy paws.
With sorrow then is filled your cup,
Oh, foolish, grizzled Scotty pup!

You think I'm deputy to God;
You think I'm infinitely wise.
The tail on which I lately trod
Would thump if I should meet your eyes;

You never doubt that I am just.
Although you may not understand,
You take the punishment on trust
And come to lick the scourging hand.
With reverence your eyes look up,
Oh, foolish, grizzled Scotty pup!

—F. F. V., in New York Tribune.

Fairy Dolls

Late in the afternoon, the Settlement Worker returned to Harlem House. It was the swarming library hour. One small girl wanted only fairy tales. When asked why nothing else would do, she said:

"Because I read them to my dolls."

"How many have you?"

And the little Serafina answered: "I can have as many dolls as I want, if I believe in fairies."

—New York Sun.

MR. POMP (to applicant for butler's vacancy): Have you had any experience?

APPLICANT: I have, sir. For three years I was butler to the Great Feature Film Company.—London Mail.

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I'M a Statler room-clerk. Meeting me in a humorous paper, this way, maybe you'll be surprised to see that I don't wear a big diamond, and that I'm not uppish, and that I like people. I'm a living contradiction of those ancient jests, because my first business is to measure up to the Statler idea of being cheerful and obliging and easy to buy from. And if that is sometimes more difficult than it looks from the lobby-side of my counter, I work under instructions that are beautifully simple: play fair with every buyer; be sincerely courteous and gracious and helpful all the time; go to the very limit of my authority in saying "yes" instead of "no" to guests. Several of the Statler advertisements have been devoted to me—did you see any of those which had my instructions in them?

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

The Fast Mail. Fox.—Lurid melodrama of the old school, with every known variety of thrill.

Always the Woman. Goldwyn.—Betty Compson as a vaudeville dancer who goes to "the age-old shores of Arabia" and learns, much to her surprise, that she is the reincarnation of an ancient Egyptian queen. Hard to swallow, and scarcely worth the effort.

In the Name of the Law. F. B. O.—A drama which proves that there are other varieties of policemen besides the red-coated Canadian heroes and the Keystone cops. The picture has its moments of interest, but there is also much that is wearisome.

Nanook of the North. Pathé.—If you fail to see this remarkable depiction of Eskimo life, you will have only yourself to blame.

While Satan Sleeps. Paramount.—Jack Holt puts over a big moral lesson with both fists.

If You Believe It, It's So. Paramount.—More propaganda for the Great Open Spaces. Thomas Meighan and Theodore Roberts do some good work, but the absurdity of the story overcomes them.

Salomé. United Artists.—Nazimova portrays the ancestress of the modern dance in a film that is good enough to fail.

South of Suva. Paramount.—Mary Miles Minter in a South Sea setting. Easy to look at, but none too exciting.

Cops. First National.—A full-sized police force devotes itself to the task of chastising Buster Keaton. Very funny.

Nero. Fox.—William Fox refuses to tell how much he spent on this picture, but it was altogether too much.

A Trip Through Paramount Town. Paramount.—The inner workings of a great movie plant, set forth in original style by Jerome Beatty, assisted by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast includes Gloria Swanson, Rodolph Valentino, Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, Wallace Reid and practically everyone else in the Hollywood directory.

For Review Next Week—"Borderland," "Forget-Me-Not," "The Mysteries of India," "Hurricane's Gal" and "The Kick-Back."

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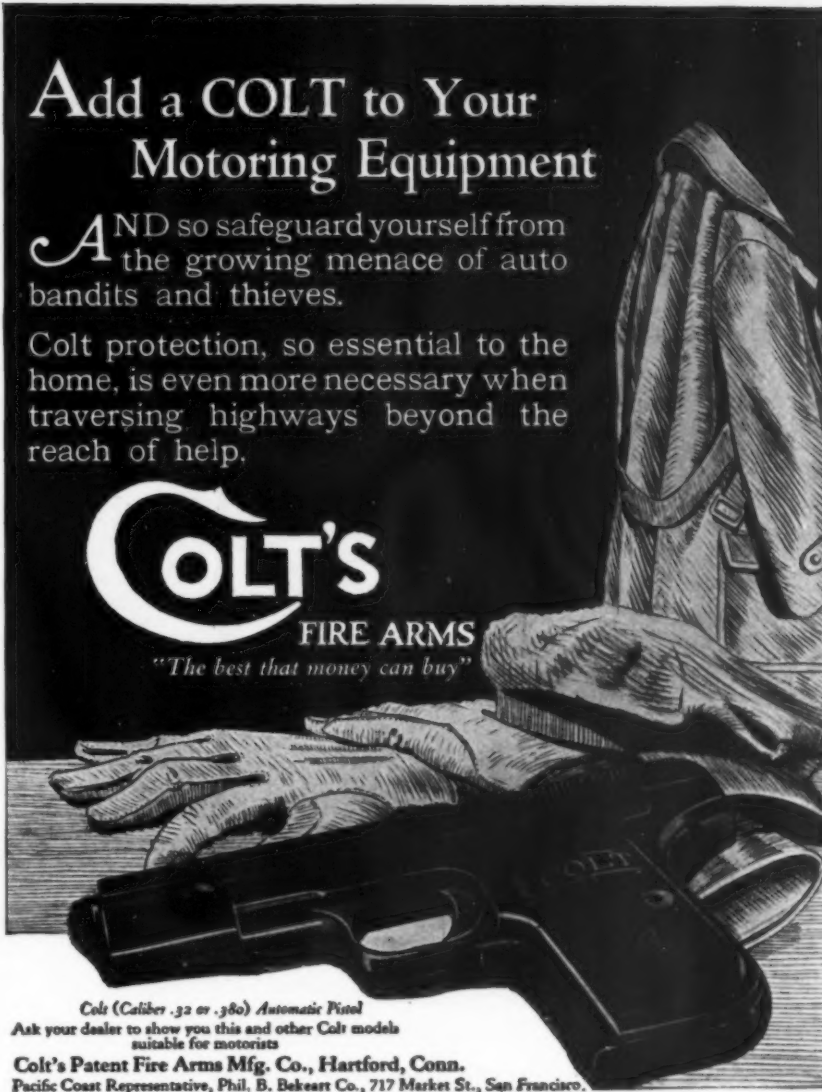
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Summary of a Little Girl

A LITTLE girl is a person who knows dolls have feelings; who always has room for another cookie; who will freely admit that she is getting quite old; who appreciates that she is causing a stir with her new dress; who thinks little boys should be shown their place; who catches her breath when she hears a naughty word; who sometimes feels she must stamp her foot; who could spend several weeks at a zoo; who jumps with joy when she sees a robin; who likes to have butter spread on thick; who hopes some day to enjoy a whole box of candy by herself; who knows there are fairies; who loves to visit with Grandma; who realizes that hair ribbons make all the difference in the world; who loves to glance into the mirror; who just can't go to sleep the night before her first party; who wishes one could

have a birthday every day; who can't stop picking flowers; who finds stroking a cat a source of infinite satisfaction; who hopes everybody will notice her new shoes; who knows Mother will understand; who sometimes wishes she were dead; who can consume an ice-cream soda very quickly; who is overcome with grief for the misfortunes of the princess in the story-book; who is usually ready to say a piece before company; who shames boys by her behavior in church; who thinks Mother ought to be told what happens to be going on outside; who had rather be buried than go to the party with the same old dress; who sometimes tires of being a lady; who can stretch gum fully a yard; who knows just what she will do when married; and whose greatest happiness is sitting in Daddy's lap.

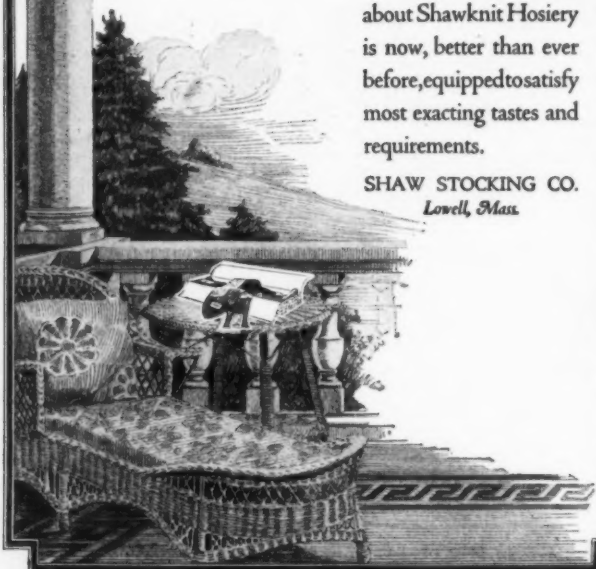
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Art for Art's Sake

Footpad (sorrowfully): Bill, I don't know what-
ever I'm gonna do wit you; you don't seem t' take
a proper interest in your work. Here you've went
an' overlooked that lovely gold fillin'!

"Be Sure You're Right"



DAVY CROCKETT used to say: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." That's mighty sage advice. It's a wise shopper who takes it to heart.

Glance through the advertisements and in a few minutes you can set yourself right on numerous things you either want to buy now or at some future date.

Advertising has stabilized prices. The advertiser names his price—the same for all. You can know that in paying it, you're getting the same deal as the next one.

"Be sure you're right." It's a duty you owe your pocketbook.

Advertising has helped to standardize quality. Only the best of wares are spread out for you on these printed pages. The men who advertise here are making publicly certain claims, on the fulfillment of which depends their commercial success.

"Be sure you're right."

Advertisements give you news of the latest and best things made with word as to what they cost and what they will do. They put before your eyes the pick of the country's market and the selection of the particular kind, shape, size and color that best suits your taste and fits your pocketbook.

Buy with your mind made up. Let the advertisements guide you away from mistakes.

"Be sure you are right."

Read the Advertisements

Gee. Bee. Are.

LIFE'S Advertising Manager, Madison Avenue, No. 598, New York
B. F. Provandie, Western Manager, Marquette Bldg., 1537, Chicago



And when the pie was opened
 The birds began to bring
LIFE SAVERS the *Only* sweet
 To set before a King!

Flavors:
 Pep-O-mint
 Fruit-O-green
 Lic-O-ice
 Cit-O-ange
 Cham-O-melon

